

The Lomond Press

VOL. 1. NO. 20.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1916.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

Tuesday is Polling Day

The village nominations created a good deal of excitement on Monday evening among the local enfranchised male population and as a result five names are before the ratepayers from which to select a council of three by a secret ballot on Tuesday, Dec. 26th. The honors of an office of this nature is hardly in proportion with the time and energy necessary to be spent on the job, but someone has to bear the burden of responsibility. Taxes have to be levied and collected, streets have to be repaired and someone has to be blamed for this not being done, etc., etc., etc.

The men standing for election are: W. J. Clement, John Williamson, Helmar Bensen, Gordon Varcoe, and John Delaney.

The Press is not going to offer any advice to the ratepayers on how to vote. This is a free country and the electors will know in their own minds who they consider the most fit for the position.

SCHOOL NOTES

The Xmas Tree entertainment attracted a crowd which filled the hall to its utmost capacity. After giving the audience plenty of time to observe the decorations and tree the programme was handed to Rev. Armstrong and the exercises soon started.

In his opening remarks our pastor called attention to the consolidated school in our village and stated that it would be but a few years before the schools throughout the province would be united into larger districts and operated as consolidated schools. The system was proving successful.

The may pole drill by ten of the pupils from Miss Ambler's room was carried out very prettily and started the children off successfully. The flag drill by Miss Ambler's pupils was also a success and showed much care on the part of their teacher in the training of the children.

The songs by these pupils 'Jolly Old Saint Nicholas' and 'We'll Never Let The Old Flag Fall' were very well rendered. The children were not the least afraid to open their mouths which we consider a good thing.

The dialogues by the primary grades were good. Owing to the enforced absence of several of the pupils of the higher grades eight of the numbers, some of them perhaps the best of their part of the programme could not be retained on the revised slip handed the chairman as a result the part taken in the programme by the pupils from the principals room was not a very conspicuous one. Several of the recitations were good and the one rendered by Miss Graham, A little Girls Interview with a Missionary Agent, seemed to please the listeners.

The dialogue put on by the older boys

gave us a glimpse into the conduct of a Backwoods School. Moral: Visits to our schools should be more frequent.

The program was greatly enhanced by readings given by Miss Armstrong, the songs by Mr. Snowden and the piano solo by Miss Ambler. Santa appeared at last and the presents were taken from the tree and passed to the expectant girls and boys.

The teachers wish to extend their hearty thanks, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to those who so willingly assisted them in getting the hall, Xmas tree and decorations ready. Mr. Parker deserves special mention for his assistance in procuring the tree and the presents. Many thanks for the contributions given at the close of the program in the hall. Those and the ones received later have made up the balance of the expenses.

The pupils in Mr. Lowe's room have contributed \$13.25 towards the Patriotic Fund.

Miss Ambler left Vulcan on the Friday evening train for Wetaskewin where she will spend the holidays with her parents.

Carman Haley, who is attending the Western Canada College, Calgary, came down on Wednesday to spend the Christmas holidays with his parents at Badger Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Munro returned on Tuesday, having spent a few days in Lethbridge.

"Duke" Armstrong is among the numerous Lomondites on a trip east.

Mrs. Crum, Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Elves and Otto and John Holo were Lomond visitors in Vulcan on Monday.

A. Parker was in Calgary over the week-end, marketing the car of Xmas poultry shipped from Lomond a week ago Wednesday. Abe is off again now for Christmas but he wouldn't say where to.

Stewart Galbraith has imported a registered berkshire hog from the C.P. R. demonstration farm, Strathmore.

John and Wm. Burton, of Badger Lake, were in Calgary during the past week attending stock sales.

LOCALETS

Dr. Walkey, wife and child, arrived in Lomond on Tuesday evening train. The doctor has rented Mr. Manning's house while the latter is away in the East and will take up his residence there for the time being.

On Tuesday J. Hartwick received a wire from Ontario stating that his brother, Andrew Hartwick, was not expected to recover from an operation underwent for appendicitis. Andrew had gone down East to have this ailment adjusted and was expected back towards the end of this month. On Wednesday morning his wife and family accompanied by J. Hartwick left for the East. During the day a message came stating that Andrew had passed away and was forwarded to the parties on the train. Andrew had been ailing for a long time but was considered to be immediately dangerous and as a consequence the news of his death came as a shock to this community. The wife and family have the sympathy of the community in their hours of sorrow.

On Wednesday 27th. inst. at 2.30 P. M. a Christmas picnic will be held in the Lomond church under the auspices of the Sunday School. After the boys and girls of the village and surrounding country have enjoyed games for some time, refreshments will be served. A very cordial invitation is extended to all parents to come with their children.

There will be a Christmas service in the Lomond Church Sunday evening, Dec. 24th. Special Christmas music will be provided by the choir. You are cordially invited.

The drop in wheat prices has kept a great many away from town lately. The market seems very shaky. Street price is \$1.40 in Lomond to-day.

Mrs. R. M. Paul and Mrs. Bert McFall left last Saturday on a trip back east. Mr. Paul and Mr. McFall leave to-morrow morning for the same destination. Miss Mary Paul also left for the east last Saturday morning but we are told she intends to return to Lomond before very long.

Keep in mind the Holiday Dance in the I. O. O. F. Hall next Wednesday evening.

Send in Your National Service Card

Sir Robert Borden, in his speech in Winnipeg last Monday night, stated that a card bearing twenty-four questions would be issued to every male in Canada between the ages of 16 and 65 years, for the purpose of taking an inventory of the man-power of the nation with a view to furthering the plan of National Service. He stated that nobody was compelled to fill in the answers to the questions, but that it was a public and national duty nevertheless, and that upon each man's conception of that duty rested the success of the plan and possibly the success of the Canadian nation. The first week of the new year is National Service week, when every good citizen is asked to send in the answers and demonstrate his conception of national and imperial obligation. The twenty-four questions are as follows:

1. What is your full name?
2. How old are you?
3. Where do you live? Province.
4. Name of city, town, village, or postoffice, street, number.
5. In what country were you born?
6. In what country was your father born?
7. In what country was your mother born?
8. Were you born a British subject?
9. If not are you naturalized?
10. How much time have you lost in the last 19 months from sickness?
11. Have you full use of your arms?
12. Of your legs?
13. Of your sight?
14. Of your hearing?
15. Which are you married, single, or a widower?
16. How many persons besides yourself do you support?
17. What are you working at for a living?
18. Whom do you work for?
19. Have you a trade or profession?
20. If so, what?
21. Are you working now?
22. If not, why not?
23. Would you be willing to change your present work for other necessary work at the same pay during the war?
24. Are you willing, if your railway fare is paid, to leave where you now live and go to some other place in Canada to do such work?

Those promiscuous prophecies of a mild winter were badly jolted this week as the mercury has been hovering around twenty below for several days.

COWS FOR SALE

Four milch cows, will freshen in spring, 2, 3, 4 and 8 years old. Also two mares, in foal, weight about 900 and 1050, with two snacking colts.

Joe Lunt,
Kinnondale.

"The Master Mind"
Read the First Instalment
In This Issue.

Purity Flour

The Best in the West by
Actual Baking Test for
Bread and for Pastry.

Alberta Farmers' Co- Operative Elevator

GEO. VENNOR, Manager

LOMOND TEA ROOMS

MRS. CRUM, Prop.

Meals at All Hours. Rates Reasonable.

-DENTISTRY-

Dr. C. H. Nelson wishes to announce that he will make his regular trips to Lomond and Travers beginning the first week Sept., as follows: Lomond every Thursday—Travers every Wednesday.

NEW BARBERSHOP

Now Open
Next To Drug Store.

Give Me A Call.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

M. N. Harmon, Prop.

House Painting Decorating, Auto and Carriage Finishing. SIGNS

D. E. Snowden,
LOMOND.

Contributions to Patriotic Fund

Previously acknowledged	\$270.30
R. F. Bell	5.00
E. E. Saunders	10.00
T. H. Thomas	2.00
H. J. Nagel	5.00
John Hartwick	2.00
Jas. Henderson	5.00
Dan. O. Jantzi	1.00
Mrs. D. Munro	5.00
Harry Clark	5.00
A. Hartwick	3.00
Louis Thiesmeyer	5.00
H. West	5.00
Joe Lindstedt	5.00
Anton Volesky	5.00
Anqy Wogsberg	1.00
Gordon Varcoe	5.00
Olaf Moen	3.00
H. W. Burne	25.50
J. Magnuson	3.00
J. Delaney	1.00
W. J. Clement	5.00
Geo. W. Porter	5.00
G. L. Farrell	5.01
A. B. Graham	5.00
Geo. Steuart	5.00
R. M. Paul	5.00
Geo. Hauger	5.00
T. H. Lucas	10.00
A. Parker	10.00
H. Jewsbury, Jr.	1.00
V. Williams	5.00
E. C. McEall	5.00
George Mapletoft	5.00

Less Buchanan, Tweedie and
McNaughton livery..... 20.00

Total.....\$422.80

BLACK LIST

The financial committee of the Lomond Patriotic Fund are greatly pleased to note that this is the first time that they have been compelled to make use of this uncalled for column of the Lomond Press, but it was unanimously agreed at a recent meeting of the Lomond Patriotic Fund, that if for any reason we were refused a donation from any one for this all important cause, we would publish the flunker's name under the above heading and further we would state the reason given for non-compliance.

We regret, in fact it hurts, to publish the name of a British Born and a citizen of this village, but if our brave troops in France thought we would not care for their dear ones, when they were giving their lives for our country, we are afraid the soldiers would drop their weapons with this remark, "Germany can govern the flunkers if they, the flunkers, can not help to support my dear mother, sister or wife, when their bread earners have offered their lives for the protection of the flunker and his country."

The reason Mr. Thomas Vickers gave for not helping to support this fund, was that he did not believe in the form of collection and desired direct taxation. We regret that our government is not in a position to pass special legislation for the flunkers of this loving land of ours.

L. M. Swain,
Treasurer.

R. R. Saunders,
President.

A. Webster,
Secretary.

HERBERT J. MABER

SOLICITOR AND
BARRISTER

Vulcan - - - Alberta

The Central Garage

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Agents for the

"CHEVROLET"

"DODGE" and "MAXWELL"

Demonstrations Gladly Given.

REPAIR WORK

AUTO SUPPLIES

GASOLINE, OILS, ETC.

Vulcan Stage Trip Every Wednesday and Saturday.

Sokvitne & Bowers

Commercial Cafe

First Class Meals Served
at 45 cents.

Meals Served
at all Hours

Mrs. A. Greenwood

Lomond - - - Alberta

H. E. Elves

AUCTIONEER

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC

Conveyancing
Promptly
Executed.

Auction Sales Handled
Anywhere. Rates and
Dates on Application.

Evergreen Xmas Trees

Have a Real Tree for the Kiddies. Price Reasonable.

Lumber, Fence posts, Medicine Hat
Brick, Portland Cement, Lime
and Bow City Coal.

Let us figure on your building Specifications,

Associated Farmers

LIMITED

Long Distance Phone Office.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

HENRY ALLEN, young married man, found guilty of homicide, first degree.

ANDREW ALLEN, the Master Mind, and the real brains of the underworld.

CORTLAND WAINWRIGHT, district attorney, who is hated implacably by the Master Mind.

LUCENE, "the one girl" in the heart of District Attorney Wainwright.

DR. FORBES, famous alienist, a friend and admirer of Wainwright.

MR. BLOUNT, alias "Black Hank," a veteran thief and swindler.

MRS. BLOUNT, alias "Milwaukee Sadie," shoplifter and accomplice of crooks.

WALTER BLOUNT, clever thief, who is in deadly fear of Wainwright and the Master Mind.

MARSHALL, a Pinkerton detective, who is employed by Wainwright.

SCENES OF ACTION, court, streets and houses in New York city; also a country place outside of New York near a state insane asylum.

CHAPTER I.

The Master Mind.

THERE was a sudden, tense silence in the courtroom as the judge on the bench lifted his head and stared steadfastly at the prisoner in the dock. All had eyes only for the man who stood motionless, awaiting under a mask of pallid indifference the words of doom that must now be spoken. And as they looked, thrilled by the awfulness of this moment, the watchers felt their hearts stirred to a profound pity, for this victim of the law was young, slender and strong of body, wholesome of face. In his expression there was no taint of the bestial, no hint of the lustful, the cruel. His whole appearance cried out that he was never one to prey on his fellows, to plunder them, to slay them. Merely he showed himself a winsome lad, surely light hearted in happier case, though now his face was set in the bleakness of a still despair. But the jury of twelve good men and true had named him murderer.

At last the voice of the judge sounded. "Henry Allen, the jury, after a careful consideration of all the evidence presented in your trial, has found you guilty of murder in the first degree. This is the capital offense against the law, and for it the law demands the capital punishment. The defense has urged that your action in slaying a man within his own house was justified by the unwritten law, since the one thus done to death had by the arts of seduction alienated the affections of a wife, and therefore the penalty exacted by the written law should be abrogated in behalf of one who has thus punished the violation of the sanctity of the home. Yet, though the guilt of the murdered man in this regard has been fully established, this plea as to the potency of the unwritten law in such instance has not prevailed. The jury has seen fit to disregard it completely and has rendered an unqualified verdict of guilty against you. It only remains, then, for the court to pronounce upon you, Henry Allen, the extreme penalty commanded by the law for the crime of which you have been found guilty." Then followed a short interval of dreadful silence, through which, as always, the prisoner maintained his desperate calm of despair. His demeanor abode immobile even while the judge spoke the few words that decreed a shameful death. Perhaps the pallid face grayed to a ghastlier hue, but there was no other sign, nor was there as he went shambling listlessly from the dock, obedient to the leading of his warders.

The hush that was still over the courtroom was broken by a gasping cry from somewhere in the crowd. A few close by him were aware that the sound had issued suddenly from the lips of an old man on one of the rear benches. For a few seconds it seemed

that he was about to swoon. When, almost at once, the crowd began to press its way out, the old man went with the others, moving, indeed, with a briskness and a nervous energy that seemed surprising in one of his years, and doubly so in view of the emotional strain through which he had just passed. He pursued his way rapidly. That way took the old man northward by the subway to Twenty-eighth street and afterward eastward to a house near Third avenue, which retained still traces of a gentility almost wholly unaltered by the years. Here the man entered with a latchkey and passed through the bare hall and up the stairs and so came into what had hitherto been the drawing room of the mansion, which now patently served as the living room for a bachelor of varied and curious tastes. Thus arrived at home the old man threw off the light coat which he had been wearing, tossed it carelessly on a chair, threw the slouch hat beside it, then with a deft movement stripped the gray locks from his head and with a gesture of relief cast the wig disdainfully from him. Freed from this simple disguise, that which remained of the unmasking process was simple enough. The man merely straightened himself with a sigh of relief as he inhaled deeply till the lungs were swollen to their full capacity. Now, in the metamorphosis of a moment, where had been merely a slight form, with rounded shoulders bent under the weight of years, there was revealed a stalwart man in the maturity of his vigors, broad of shoulder, deep chested, thin of flank, whose lithe erectness told of an agile strength beyond the usual. Nor was the transformation that of form alone. Even as the short figure of the old man had grown abruptly into six feet of sturdy manhood, so, too, the vacuous face merged subtly, surprisingly, into a countenance alert and masterful in its expression. The eyes that had seemed dim under the drooping of heavy lids were widely opened and in their clear gray shone the fires of a lively intelligence. He crossed the room to a couch that stood against the wall and there dropped down in an abandonment of grief, for this was Andrew Allen, whose younger brother had that day been sentenced to death for the crime of murder.

Little by little the expression on the man's face changed. Where had been the extreme of grief grew, slowly, yet implacably, a grimmer mood and one more evil. The lines of the strong, mobile face set themselves to a wrath that was all pervasive. Andrew Allen had bound himself to avenge his brother.

What in another might have been only a helpless fury against malignant fate became in this man a purposeful wrath against the one who had acted as the main instrument of destiny in devoting Henry Allen to death. Throughout the proceedings against his brother Andrew had cherished an ever increasing hatred of Wainwright, the district attorney. He regarded this public official as directly responsible for the death penalty. To his mind, warped perhaps by a great affection, which held the accused slayer guiltless of any crime, it had seemed that Wainwright pursued a course of intolerable cruelty toward the innocent for the sake of a vaulting personal ambition. He deemed it monstrous that the prosecutor should thus juggle with a life in order to win the plaudits of the crowd. Undoubtedly had Wainwright been less zealous in his conduct of the case the accused would have suffered a comparatively light sentence or perhaps have been acquitted.

Presently Andrew Allen sprang to his feet and began pacing hurriedly to and fro, muttering to himself disjointedly the while. Though a man of infinite precautions, he had now no fear lest he be overheard as from time to time he voiced fragmentary suggestions of the ideas seething in his feverish brain. In that house there was none to listen. He lived alone, absolutely; not even a woman came on occasion to set the place in order.

Andrew ceased his nervous pacing about the room presently and prepared for going out. He proceeded to the

steps of a disreputably dilapidated house and climbed three flights of stairs to the top story, where he fitted a key to the door of the back room and entered, carefully closing and locking the door behind him. A moment later the gaslight flared from the match he had struck and showed the desolate wall paper, threadbare carpet, thin, hummocky bed, rickety table, chairs and washstand. The whole air of the place was repellent, worse than poverty stricken.

Only two things in the room tended in any wise to contradict the general impression of squalor. On the wobbly table stood a typewriter; to one wall a telephone was attached. It was the typewriter that first engaged Andrew's attention. The machine was small, very serviceable, but of a cheaper sort, in which the printing was done from a type wheel having three bands of characters. This wheel was readily detachable, and now the operator's first care was to remove it from its shaft and to bestow it in a pocket of his coat. From a pasteboard box beneath the table he procured another type wheel, one that had never been used, and adjusted this to its place on the machine. Then he inserted a sheet of an ordinary cheap typewriter paper and proceeded to write in the forefinger manner of the novice a letter. And he wrote with entire frankness, unafraid lest the missive betray him—his precautions were too carefully taken.

The greatest expert in machines would be unable to trace the peculiarities of a type used only on this single occasion, which would thereafter, with its fellow already in his pocket, be cast into the waters of the North river. So Andrew wrote freely, venting in words the hate that flared hot in his heart, baring his lust for revenge with brutal virulence, for he wrote to Cortland Wainwright, district attorney.

When he had finished writing Andrew went to the telephone and called a number. The connection was made quickly.

"You recognize the voice?" he asked softly and very distinctly. "Well, then, you know the place. Come at once. There is work to be done. Yes, for the Master Mind."

While he waited the coming of the one thus summoned Andrew took from his pocket a tiny mirror and a pencil and put a few lines to his face, which completely altered his expression. With the visor of the cap drawn low over his brows he felt that his disguise was sufficient for the occasion. He smiled a little grimly as he thought of what would be the visitor's amazement could the man but know that this messenger for the Master Mind here in the squalid room was in very truth the Master Mind himself.

On the morning following the sentencing of Henry Allen, Dr. Forbes, the eminent alienist, whose sanatorium for the mentally diseased was famous throughout the civilized world, sat at breakfast with his friend, Cortland Wainwright, in that gentleman's rather sumptuous bachelor apartment in upper Madison avenue. The host, with the informality of long intimacy, permitted himself during pauses in a desultory conversation to glance over the letters stacked beside his plate. Presently he became so absorbed in one of these as not to hear a question put to him by the physician, who, mildly astonished by this lack of attention on the other's part, looked up from his omelet to learn the cause. At the same moment Wainwright uttered an ejaculation of disgust.

"Now, this sort of thing has gone far enough!" he exclaimed wrathfully. His eyes flashed.

"What's the matter, Cortland?" Forbes questioned sympathetically. There was a professional soothing quality in his voice. "Somebody else after your scalp, I suppose."

Wainwright nodded soberly.

"Yes," he admitted; "a new one, and the worst yet, which is saying a good deal. Just listen to this letter, doctor."

The district attorney straightened out the sheet of paper and proceeded to read the following communication aloud with indignant emphasis:

Cortland Wainwright, Esq., District Attorney, New York City:

Sir—In spite of my previous letters to you, in spite of all my arguments, my

prayers, my threats, you have chosen to go ahead with your prosecution of Henry Allen, in whose behalf I have so tried to intercede with you. You have succeeded in your efforts to destroy an innocent boy. He was right to kill the man who came by stealth into his home to betray his honor. In his just rage over the first discovery of the shame put on him by such black treachery he shot the villain and killed him. You might well have done the same in like case. And because he did that, the natural, the human, manly thing, he is to die at the hands of the law—thanks to you.

Without your vicious bitterness in pressing the accusation against him, he would have been acquitted in all probability, for the men on juries, though they may be stupid, are, after all, men, with the primitive passions of men, with some regard for the sanctity of the home. At least he would have escaped with a term of imprisonment. But that would not content you.

Your personal ambition demanded the lad's life as a blood sacrifice. Because there has been much outcry in the sensation mongering papers of the country against some failures to punish murder when the unwritten law has been pleaded in justification, you thought this a capital opportunity to put a feather in your cap to flaunt before the public—the voters!—by securing the conviction of Henry Allen and condemning him to the extreme penalty of the law—death. Well, you have had your will. Be content of it while you may, for you, too, must expiate your crime. I shall see to that. I have the leisure, the means, the mind, the will, to punish you—and I shall. Make no mistake, sir. These are not the idle vapors of some one with a grudge. I give you the precise assurance that you will be made to suffer with the suffering the most dreadful to you. The signature I put to the end of this letter will be sufficient evidence to you that I am competent to the task.

You have torn my heart by your cruelty toward one I love. In turn, I shall tear yours and crush it under my feet. I shall not hurry the work. Time will be required to make my vengeance complete.

But delay on my part must not lead you to think that I have forgotten or swerved one whit from my purpose. I inclose in this letter a white card. From time to time, wherever you may chance to be, you will receive a like white card. When my plans are matured you will have warning of the fact given you in the form of a red card in place of the former white ones. And, at the end, a black card will tell you that the hour of your punishment is at hand.

Such, Mr. District Attorney, is the matter between you and me.

THE MASTER MIND.

Dr. Forbes listened to the reading of this extraordinary missive with close attention, which nevertheless did not prevent a professional consideration of the manner displayed by Wainwright under circumstances so unusual and so sinister. He observed with keen appreciation the fundamental strength with which his friend met the attack. The anger was no more than an evidence of wholesome virility resenting injustice.

Under that flurry of wrath the character of the man showed undismayed. The physician found a new satisfaction in his friendship. Since his vocation drove him daily to consort with the unfit, with those diseased of body or of mind, or of both, he found a singular pleasure in companionship with one who was sane and strong in every part, lower and higher alike. Yet, notwithstanding this personal interest, the letter itself provoked him to a lively curiosity. It held a savor of stark sincerity that made its threatnings vitally evil. Forbes, from long practice sensitive to the receiving of impressions, was sure that the writer of this arraignment meant every word; that the punishment of the district attorney would be compassed if it were humanly possible. Assuredly the prophecy was not one to be despised.

But the physician allowed no hint of his disturbed thoughts to color his tones as he spoke with an air of almost perfunctory interest:

"And who is the Master Mind, Cortland?"

"The Master Mind," he explained crisply, "is an enigma and a menace. He is, in fact, the most interesting and the most dangerous criminal working today."

"Then you know something of him?"

"To my sorrow," the district attorney admitted grimly. "Why, the fellow has been back of some of the biggest crimes committed recently. And, to make the history still worse, he has been back of others for years. And that's all I, or anybody else apparently, knows. He is a mystery—to me, to the police, even, as it would seem, to his tools themselves."

The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.

Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP.

LOMOND, DECEMBER 22, 1916.

A Merry Christmas

A Merry Christmas. These are not idle words, though the usage of centuries appear to make them so. Is it a Merry Christmas for you? Have you helped to make it a Merry Christmas for anyone else? Can we look forward to this day of feasting and merriment with any degree of pleasure when millions upon millions of homes will be bereft of thier loved ones who have gone to take thier places in the line of battle? War disregards all traditions and customs. It is a cruel hand of fate that tramples the lives of nations into the dust. Yet the world in general is preparing to celebrate a Merry Christmas. We, in this district, have had our times of depression. There have been years when the hand of plenty seemed to be in afar off lands and circumstances did not permit of luxuries and oft many

the necessities and comforts in life. Two years of bountiful harvest have changed all this. We are enjoying prosperity in its fullest sense of meaning. We have abundant fare on our tables, ample in which to array ourselves, and are dwelling secure in the sense that we are thousands of miles from the scene of the world carnage. A Merry Christmas. Why not? Who would deprive the young and the old of the pleasures of yuletide? Let us all be merry. And let us help to make merry for those of heavy heart who find it hard to join in the festivities of the holiday season.

A Keen Financier

An uneducated working man made a fortune. One day he and an acquaintance were talking, when the latter said to old Jobson:

"Say, Jobson, you don't know enough to go in when it rains. Why, you can't even spell 'bird'!"

"B-u-r-d," said Jobson.

"I tell you you don't know anything! Why, if you had to spell to make a living you'd have been dead years ago. I'll bet you fifty pounds you can't spell 'bird.'"

"O'll take ye! quickly replied Jobson.

After the money was put up Jobson said "B-i-r-d."

"That ain't the way you spelled it the first time!"

"I wasn't bettin' then!"



EST'D 1873

THE STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

FARMERS

Advances to farmers are made
a special feature by this Bank. 238

LOMOND BRANCH

L. M. SWAIN,

Manager.

The Pioneer Store

THE Store that sells good groceries at fair prices and provides you a cash market for your various kinds of Produce.

PARKER'S STORE

"THE STORE FOR ALL THE PEOPLE"

Wishing Our Customers A Merry Christmas

E. G. Paddon Hardware Co. LOMOND, Alta.

Delaney & Armstrong

Livery, Feed and Sale Barn.
Dray and Transfer in Connection.
We Move Pianos Without a Scratch.

We Carry a Full Line of
High Grade Farm Machinery

COAL

A Long Burn

COAL

A Strong Burn

COAL

A Clean Burn

Always, with Bow City Coal

Prompt Service.

GENTS: Lomond, Associated Farmers
Travers, Lee Jones, Livery Barn
Enchant, F. L. Lewis, Livery Barn

PRAIRIE COAL CO. Ltd., EYREMORE, ALTA

MEATS!

MEATS!

Dealer In All Kinds Of

FRESH AND CURED MEATS

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID

For prime beef and pork

Hides, Poultry, etc.

D. A. Anderson, Prop.

Lomond.

Some Christmas Suggestions

We now have a fine selection of Fancy Silk and Crepe de Chene Waists selling from \$3.50 to \$7.00.

These make admirable Christmas gifts. If you want the latest in Fancy Collars, Hand Bags, etc., just see our display.

NEW LADIES SHOES

We expect a shipment of new shoes very soon. The newest lasts in high top kids, lace and button, in both black and brown. Be on hand when these are opened up.

Ladies' Fur and Fur-Lined Coats Made to Your Own Measure.

Men's Xmas Neckwear

All the Newest Wrinkles in Ties, Cravats and Mufflers for Christmas.

"Art" Tailored Clothes for Men Who Dress Well

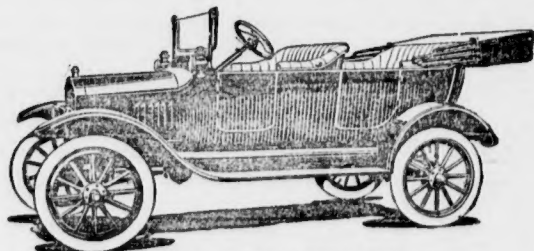
Marshall & Wilson's

"THE STORE OF GOOD SERVICE"

Restuarant! JANG HOW Prop.

Meals at all Hours.

SOFT DRINKS, TEMPERANCE BEER,
CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS and TOBACCO



"MADE IN CANADA"

The 1917 Ford Touring Car
\$555.00

At my Garage in Lomond.

You won't want to wait for delivery in the spring. Alberta dealers are sold out completely. Shipments from factory will come slow. Your order placed now will help the factory to help the agent make a PROMPT DELIVERY.

Streamline effect, tapered hood, crown fenders, new radiator with larger cooling surface,---these are the principal new features of the 1917 model.

Full line of Repairs kept in Lomond.

W. A. TESKEY, LOMOND.

LOCALETS

Lomondites had been wondering of late what had become of George Paisley, whose genial countenance has been seldom seen in Lomond for the last couple of months. What was there near Bow City that put Lomond's nose out of joint? But at last we discovered. It was a girl. Of course we might have known that. Nevertheless, we must own up that it somewhat took our breath away when Mr. and Mrs. John Paisley came back from Bow City on Dec. 19th. and announced George's wedding. We haven't seen the girl yet, but they say she's a peach, and we know George thinks so.

Now, all there is left for Lomond to do is to load up several carloads of "shivereers" and sort of get even for the way George slipped one over on us. After the wedding Mr. Paisley and his bride left for the "Garden of Ontario" to spend their honeymoon. Rev. W. W. Saunders performed the ceremony.

Geo. Hodgins, wife and family, left last Saturday on a trip to the old home land back east.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Chapman and family are taking a holiday trip to the States and Ontario.

Mrs. Roe, of Blackie, is spending the holiday as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Jas. Craske.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Manning and little daughter left on Thursday morning on a holiday trip to Petrolia, Ontario, motoring as far as Medicine Hat. Harry will stay with his brother, James, in Saskatchewan while his parents are away.

Ssm Henderson has been laid up all week at the hotel with a bad touch of pneumonia.

I. H. C. Farm Tractors

and a full line of Deering and McCormick Implements. - - Gasolene, Kerosene, Distillate, Cylinder Oils and Gear Greases.

"Bull Dog"

Fanning Mills

Call and See Me Before Buying.

Prices Right.

Smith & Moran
Center St. LOMOND.

Buy Your Xmas To-day ... Gifts ...

We have Something for Each Member of the Family.

Picture Books, Pictures, Dolls, Fancy Sets, Perfumes, Chocolates, Papetries, Fountain Pens, Latest Fiction, Boys' and Girls' Books, Kodaks, Jewellery, Xmas Cards and Seals. Get it at the Drug Store.

R. R. Saunders

CHEMIST - DRUGGIST

Dominion Express Money Orders Issued Here.

Useful Xmas Gifts That Will Please You

Hand Flower Stamped Leather Collar.

Hand Basket Stamped Neck Tie.

Sett Double Team Spreaders.

Pair Hand Forged Steel Spurs.

Leather Hand Basket Stamped Cuffs.

Hand Made Stock Saddle.

Heavy Team Harness Made by Hand.

All Kinds of Repairing and Oiling on Harness, Saddles, Suit Cases, Bags and Shoes.

"Old Friends and New We Do Our Best for All"
COME IN AND GET A CALENDAR

J. E. CRASKE

The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.

Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP.

LOMOND, DECEMBER 29, 1916.

A Captured Zeppelin

A correspondent who paid a visit to the super-Zeppelin brought to earth in England on Sept. 23 writes: "We had, of course, all seen photographs of the fallen Zeppelin, but no camera picture can ever convey an adequate idea of the monster that was lying helpless, but to all intents and purpose intact, in these Essex fields. One thing struck the whole of our party, namely, surprise at the huge dimensions of the air-ship, and a tense of wonder that it could possibly have come down in the condition it is to be found today. Although bent and twisted, the trellis aluminum frame shows quite clearly the general lines of the ship. After penetrating into the interior of the frame it seemed like standing in the centre of a huge aluminum liner and looking up from the keel plate to the deck. What impressed everyone next to the dimensions of the airship was the extraordinary lightness of the structure, and we were surprised to find that a length of the trillis framework of ten or twelve feet could be raised and held quite easily with the little finger. The Zeppelin is proved to be 'L33', one of the largest in the German service, built lately. The gondolas number four, containing six Mercedes engines, each of 240 horsepower, working 1,600 revolutions to the minute. One gondola contains three engines, the remaining three each carrying one engine. Three are five propellers. It has been estimated that she carried some two thousand gallons of petrol in her various tanks, and that her colossal envelope was filled with two million feet of gas. While being escorted around the airship, in the centre of which experts were still working and

measuring, we were shown the 'cat walk,' a narrow, scorched platform giving access to various parts of the ship, and apparatus for dropping bombs. She is fitted with sixty bomb droppers. Right forward is to be seen the captain's cabin, with three control wheels, while in close proximity is the wireless room, enclosed in a casing of cotton wool to ensure as much silence as possible.

Lying on one side of the Zeppelin itself was a small cane or basket coracle, the use of which is not quite clear. It may have been intended for use in case of descent on the water or for lowering men for the purpose of observation. An officer informed me that everything of any practical value is intact, and that we have all the information requisite to construct a replica if necessary. The length of the ship is 680 feet, and her total weight, with her crew of twenty-two officers and men, about fifty tons. She is supposed to have occupied a year in building, and to have cost anywhere between a quarter and half a million sterling. She carries seven or eight guns, including five ordinary Maxims, the remainder being somewhat heavier.

LOCALETS

A Patriotic Box Social and Dance is being held in the Kinnondale Hall on the evening of Thursday, Jan. 4th. A big time is being looked forward to and the proceeds will be devoted to the Patriotic Fund. Mr. McKinnon is having the hall fixed up for the winter weather by ceiling and siding the building.

The thermometer struck the bottom pretty hard for several days this week, going as far down as 38 below. It was sure no green Christmas, though the weather has moderated to zero just now. Cars are running yet, the snow having kept pretty well in place and frozen before the drifting winds came upon it. However, the cold necessitates a good deal of cussing and cranking.

The Rev. James Dorrian, a former pastor in this vicinity, preached in the Lomond Church on Sunday evening Dec. 24th. inst. All were greatly delighted with his timely message.

The Pioneer Store

THE Store that sells good groceries at fair prices and provides you a cash market for your various kinds of Produce.

PARKER'S STORE

"THE STORE FOR ALL THE PEOPLE"

Don't Cough!

TAKE
REXALL CHERRY BARK
and get quick relief.

R. R. Saunders
CHEMIST - DRUGGIST



EST'D 1873

THE STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

TRUST FUNDS

Our Savings Department gives you a guarantee of absolute security and interest at current rate.

239

LOMOND BRANCH

L. M. SWAIN,

Manager.

Delaney & Armstrong

Livery, Feed and Sale Barn.
Dray and Transfer in Connection.
We Move Pianos Without a Scratch.

We Carry a Full Line of
High Grade Farm Machinery

COAL

A Long Burn

COAL

A Strong Burn

COAL

A Clean Burn

Always, with Bow City Coal

Prompt Service.

GENTS: Lomond, Associated Farmers
Travers, Lee Jones, Livery Barn
Enchant, F. L. Lewis, Livery Barn

PRAIRIE COAL CO. Ltd., EYREMORE, ALTA

MEATS!

MEATS!

Dealer In All Kinds Of

FRESH AND CURED MEATS

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID

For prime beef and pork

Hides, Poultry, etc.

D. A. Anderson, Prop.

Lomond.

accompanied by a guaranty of immunity from any ill consequences of discovery. As a messenger for himself he held an interview with the janitor of the building in which was Wainwright's apartment. The result was that within a week of the district attorney's sailing the Master Mind was snugly at home in his enemy's house, there to live and there to study at his leisure the owner of the place, there to learn the vulnerable point toward which to drive attack, for, now, the plotter had come to believe that he must seek to trap his quarry by some device against the strength of the man's nature, since he could discover no vital weakness anywhere; against the good qualities, since the evil were of a kind too trifling to serve.

Other dwellers in the building never guessed that a stealthy guest lurked in the apartment which the district attorney had left untenanted for the period of his trip abroad. By day as well as by night the shades remained drawn. Over the whole inner surface of the windows, Andrew had arranged light proof coverings, through which no least ray from the electric lamps could penetrate to give a hint of his occupancy. A very slight opening of the windows gave him sufficient fresh air, and throughout the hours of day as of darkness the artificial illumination sufficed him.

Indeed, the Master Mind found himself strangely content in this curious sort of intimate association with the man against whom he maneuvered so craftily. He experienced a subtle, sinister joy in feeling this nearness to his prey which was the product of the surroundings. Here were the books Wainwright read, the letters he received, the pictures he esteemed, the various souvenirs he most cherished. In the assembling of the varied articles within this home, there must be a massing of testimony from which to judge the inner, vital nature of the owner. It might easily be that some record would suggest the precise course to bring down on him shame and despair.

Having thus molded circumstances to his will, the Master Mind spent two weeks in exhaustive research into the mind and heart of Wainwright as they were respectively indicated by his personal accumulations. His painstaking investigations convinced Andrew of two facts that were beyond question—the first, that the young lawyer had a heart capable of tenderest affections, as was witnessed by the letters from mother and sister, which were to one manifestly fond; the second, that he ruled his life according to the dictates of a lofty ambition.

Convinced of the twain truths, the Master Mind determined broadly the manner of his attack. It must be the contriving of some situation that would strike its agony into the depths of the man's being, something to wound beyond remedy both brain and heart. The exact plan could be left for future arrangement, depending on facts yet to be marshaled. And then, within twenty-four hours, the Master Mind came on the thing he sought.

This was a journal, with entries covering a number of years, in which Wainwright had jotted down rough notes of many things. Andrew had early found it in one of the locked drawers of the desk in the district attorney's study. The searcher had glanced through the volume hastily. He had given it no more than a cursory attention after the outset of his reading. The items were uniformly of a barren kind—notes concerning cases, financial statements and estimates, brief itineraries of trips, some mention of a few trifling illnesses, reference to particular events of purely personal interest. There was, for example, a rather lengthy account of an automobile accident in which Wainwright had been injured nearly a year ago in Chicago. Already Andrew had

received a circumstantial history of this happening from one of his agents. So, on his first scanning of the diary, he had merely read enough of the entry to learn the nature of the event described therein and had omitted the remainder of the narrative.

Now, at last, he returned to the journal and read it slowly and attentively without missing a word. When finally he was come to a full scrutiny of the Chicago episode in the life of Wainwright he was suddenly filled with joy, unholy in its exultation. Wainwright himself had put the weapon in his hand!

The text of the entry as well as the date showed that the account had been written after the district attorney's return to New York. The narrative ran in this form:

New York, April 20, 1907.
I ran into a heap of trouble on my Chicago trip. Rather, Billy Clarke's chauffeur did the running into something. Steering gear went wrong, car skidded into curb and over we went. The chauffeur got a broken leg, and my ribs were mused up a lot. But the serious part was a cut in my wrist where the broken wind shield sliced open the artery. The chauffeur was pinned under the machine, and there was nobody else to do, anything. As the doctor told me in the hospital, a severed artery can get in its work mighty quick. It was just a fluke that saved me. No, I don't mean that. I suppose it was Providence. The fact is, it was just a girl—and such a girl! The other women on the scene gabbled and had hysterics and were worse than good for nothing. And the men ably seconded



"The One Girl."

them. But there was one girl. I'll underline that, I guess. I'll write it: *The One Girl*. Well, when she saw the blood spurting out in jets that were sending me to kingdom come in a hurry, she didn't scream or faint or even run. Anyhow, she didn't run away, for I have a memory of seeing her darting toward me. I heard a little cry from her, a pitiful kind of cry. I wondered why she cried out like that. For my part I didn't seem to care much about what might happen to me. But she did. She moved like lightning, with not a wasted movement. In a second she had ready a long strip of white cloth torn from her petticoat, which she bound around my arm above the wound. The half of my walking stick, which was lying broken beside me, was seized by her and thrust through the bandage to serve as lever in the tourniquet. It seemed to me two seconds from the time I first saw her until the jumping blood flow ceased. It may possibly have been as much as six seconds, I suppose. Not one more, I swear! And she stayed by me till I was safe in the ambulance. She saved my life.

But there's more than that to it. Oh, infinitely more! Nobody will ever see this book, so I may as well get what relief I can by putting my confession in writing. For the matter of that I've made the confession already—when I wrote it in capitals and underlined: *The One Girl*. That's the truth of the matter. Seems funny—that little girl I never said a word to in my life and only saw for a few seconds. Just the same, she plumped right into my heart as no woman ever did before or will again. She stays by me in memory. When I shut my eyes I see her, every line of her face, the light in her eyes. Yes, she's the one woman

for me, that girl. Anybody might think it foolish of me to love a girl of whom I know nothing. But the fact is I know all about her. Her face has taught me all I need to know—her eyes tell me things, wonderful things, beautiful things, things I had never dreamed.

Just the beauty of her would be enough to excite any man for adoring her. Why, her face was like a flower, only a thousand times lovelier, so dainty in its lines, so delicate in its coloring, so pure in its expression. And those glorious eyes, deep blue, like the sky when it's bluest! But, after all, beautiful as her face was, it was a deeper beauty that went to my heart in the first glance at her, that has burned in my heart ever since, will burn there while my heart beats, I know. It was the soul of her that called to my soul. Did she know that her soul called to mine there in those few moments of our meeting? Did she know? Oh, she must have known.

There, I've rhapsodized enough on paper, though I'll keep it up in my thoughts whenever I think of her, which is pretty close to all the time. And to think that I don't even know her name. All my own seeking and that of the sleuths I employed, fruitless. But somewhere, somehow, I'll find her. I must. That's destiny.

That was the end of the passage. The Master Mind sat erect and cast the book from him with a hoarse cry of triumph. His eyes glittered in savage delight; his lips bent to a mocking smile in which was remorseless cruelty. After a moment he lifted his gaze to the pencil sketch of a girl, which, set within an oval frame of gold, hung on the wall above the desk. The picture was in truth rather crudely done. Nevertheless there showed in it, despite the clumsiness of the craftsmanship, a definite suggestion of feminine loveliness which was inexplicably alluring. Even Andrew recognized the tender potency of the spell exercised by this unknown girl, but he resisted its softening sway; flouted it with his hate for the man that loved her. He nodded toward the picture with a malignant grin.

"So Wainwright couldn't find you?" he muttered. "Well, I can. And you, my lady, shall be my pawn in the game."

The implacable man had a venomous gleam in his eyes as those thoughts ran through his brain. He had a wonderful capacity for using other people for his own purposes, and he was determined to demonstrate it thoroughly.

The Master Mind took measures at once to make good his boast. With scrupulous fidelity he restored Wain-



"The Master Mind is the most dangerous criminal today."

wright's apartment to the order it which he had found it. Then, his work there accomplished, he left the place and boarded the fastest train for Chicago. On his arrival in that city he devoted himself at once to his quest for the mysterious maiden. With a few modifications of his personal appearance he undertook in person a painstaking minute search throughout the neighborhood where had occurred the automobile accident. In an adjacent side street of none too savory a character he at last came on a street urchin who had been present at the time of the accident and who, moreover, possessed some information that might serve as a clue to the identity of the ministering girl of that occasion. The boy had seen her at other times, both before and after the accident, in a quiet and respectable neighborhood a few blocks further down the street. He cheerfully guided Andrew to the vicinity.

The Master Mind was hugely elated by this initial success. A garrulous woman, who took a frank interest in all her neighbors, welcomed his questions and answered them with the positive information he sought. She had long known the girl by sight. She had heard of what had happened at the time of the automobile accident. As the girl's home was only four houses away from her own, she had had no difficulty in learning the name—Margaret Flint.

"But she's gone from here now," the woman concluded; "been gone for three months. You see, it was this way," she explained: "Her father was pretty poor, just a house painter, and his health so bad he couldn't get work most of the time. Her mother was dead, and there wasn't any other children. And then her father died. It was after that she went; had to—couldn't pay the rent. And that's all I know."

The Master Mind finally, however, succeeded in tracing Margaret Flint to the house of a prosperous merchant, where she had secured employment as a nursemaid for two small children. There Andrew had an interview with the girl herself. At his first glance into her face he was forced to lively appreciation of her loveliness. Then the girl voiced a response to his greeting, and instantly the spell was broken. A keen critic might perhaps have detected a musical resonance in the tones. But if such a quality was indeed present it was hopelessly covered by the harsh, nasal, treble utterance of her class.

Indeed They Do.

Polly—I believe Miss Yellowleaf actually prays for a man. Dolly—Well, most men need praying for.

Recognition.

Mollie—How do you recognize a gentleman in a crowded car? Dollie—By his general getup.

Alimony.

"What is alimony, ma?"
"It is a man's cash surrender value."
—Town Topics.

Wyoming.

Wyoming is a name corrupted from an almost unpronounceable Indian word meaning "land of large plains."

Percussion Caps.

Percussion caps (taking the place of the flintlock) came into use about 1820.

Straw Boats.

Natives of Peru use a boat made entirely of reeds and straw, the sail consisting of straw matting.

Vox Populi.

Why doesn't somebody put the voice of the people on a few graphophone records?

Where She Took It.

"So he broke off the engagement, eh? Did she take it to heart?" "No; to court!"

Purity Flour

The Best in the West by
Actual Baking Test for
Bread and for Pastry.

Alberta Farmers' Co- Operative Elevator

GEO. VENNOR, Manager

LOMOND TEA ROOMS

MRS. CRUM, Prop.

Meals at All Hours. Rates Reasonable.

—DENTISTRY—

Dr. C. H. Nelson wishes to announce that he will make his regular trips to Lomond and Travers beginning the first week Sept., as follows: Lomond every Thursday—Travers every Wednesday.

NEW BARBERSHOP

Now Open
Next To Drug Store.

Give Me A Call.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

M. N. Harmon, Prop.

House Painting Decorating, Auto and Carriage Finishing. SIGNS

D. E. Snowden,
LOMOND.

BADGER LAKE

The First Chance Sunday School Christmas Tree and entertainment held on Thursday evening last week was a great success. A large crowd was present and a very interesting program was presented by the children. Old Santa distributed abundant presents from the tree and the children went home delighted. Much credit is due Mrs. Trew for her efforts in training the children and arranging generally for the success of the occasion. The program was as follows, Mr. Haley acting as chairman:

Chorus, "Xmas Welcome".
Recitation, Hazel Booth.
Recitation, Aloysius McAllister.
Recitation, Lawrence Durand.
Chorus, "First Xmas Morning."
Recitation, Pauline Holmes.
Recitation, Ward Haynes.
Recitation, Beatrice Holmes and Eric Burton.
Chorus, "Xmas Bells."
Recitation, Pauline Foisia.
Recitation, Agatha McAllister.
Song, Lenord Durand.
Recitation, Forrest Booth.
Recitation, Lulu Foisia.
Chorus, "Xmas Secrets."
Recitation, Floyd Thompson.
Recitation, Myrtle Foisia.
Recitation, Miss. Durand.
Dialogue, Timothy Cloverseed in the city.
Recitation, Donald McAllister.
Recitation, Florence Trew.
Recitation, Beatrice Holmes.
Recitation, Tom Chambers.
Chorus, "Beautiful Xmas Eve"
Recitation, Mildred Haynes.
Recitation, Veda Haley.
Recitation, Alma Durand.
Chorus, "Xmas Tree."

Geo. Hauger has returned from his trip to the States, but the cook he brought back is not a lady as was generally expected.

Dan McAllister is away on a trip for the winter.

Jerome Durand and his uncle have come down from the Red Deer to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Barkey are away on a trip to Toronto.

LIGHT OCCUPATIONS

Adding up a column of smoke.
Making keys for the Panama locks.
Fixing the teeth of a gale.
Taking care of self-winding clocks.
Sweeping the room with a glance.
Painting the shadow of a doubt.
Manicuring the hand of fate.
Gathering the eggs from a mare's nest.
Polishing the shoes on the foot of a hill.

If, as the scientists claim nature never wastes anything, what's the use of the cow having two horns when she can't even play on one?

COWS FOR SALE

Four milch cows, will freshen in spring, 2, 3, 4 and 8 years old. Also two mares, in foal, weight about 900 and 1050, with two sneaking colts.

Joe Lunt,
Kinnondale.

HERBERT J. MABER
SOLICITOR AND
BARRISTER

Vulcan - - - Alberta

The Central Garage

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Agents for the

"CHEVROLET"
"DODGE" and "MAXWELL"

Demonstrations Gladly Given.

REPAIR WORK

AUTO SUPPLIES

GASOLINE, OILS, ETC.

Vulcan Stage Trip Every Wednesday and Saturday.

Sokvitne & Bowers

Commercial Cafe

First Class Meals Served
at 45 cents.

Meals Served
at all Hours

Mrs. A. Greenwood

Lomond - - - Alberta

Farm Lands For Sale

I have the exclusive sale of some quarters close to town at snap prices. I also have the sub-agency for Hudson's Bay Lands.

If You Want to Sell,
Give Me Your Listings

If You Want to Buy,
See My Listings

H. E. Elves

Auctioneer Notary Public
Real Estate, Loans, Insurance

Notice!

ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Associated Farmers Limited will be held in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Lomond, at 2 p. m. on Wednesday, January 17th., 1917. All shareholders are urgently requested to be present.

Associated Farmers

LIMITED

Long Distance Phone Office.

DEC. 29, 1916

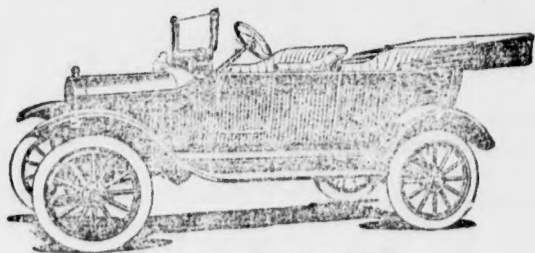
A Happy New Year To You All

Marshall & Wilson's
"THE STORE OF GOOD SERVICE"

Restuarant! JANG HOW Prop.

Meals at all Hours.

SOFT DRINKS, TEMPERANCE BEER,
CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS and TOBACCO



"MADE IN CANADA"

The 1917 Ford Touring Car
\$555.00

At my Garage in Lomond.

You won't want to wait for delivery in the spring. Alberta dealers are sold out completely. Shipments from factory will come slow. Your order placed now will help the factory to help the agent make a PROMPT DELIVERY.

Streamline effect, tapered hood, crown fenders, new radiator with larger cooling surface,---these are the principal new features of the 1917 model.

Full line of Repairs kept in Lomond.

W. A. TESKEY, LOMOND.

Big Ring Wolf Hunt Being Planned at Midway

At a pleasant Christmas meeting at Mr. Al Littles a wolf hunt was thought up. Mr. Brubaker had contributed six or more hens to a Xmas breakfast at the Armstrong hennerly. A coyotte sat on the straw stack and bid your correspondent good morning. I thought of returning with dogs, but was nonplused. I have prepared a rough sketch for a hunt, which is as follows: Owners of dogs should be invited and these distributed to all sides of the ring. Some nice chases may occur on the outside, but the closing in should be sport not often seen. I started a fox hunt in Pennsylvania in 1878 that run two following Saturdays on the same line, we got one fox at each hunt. We should beat that here.

Midway School house taken as a centre. The ring or square to take north to the Burn's lease, east to the middle of 17 - 18, south to 16 - 18 thence west to the west line of 16 - 20 and again north to 17 - 20 taking four full townships and two and one half on the east. The people from within are to be on the outside line by twelve o'clock sharp and all start in regular march order covering all the ground with horn blasts, rattles, bells, tin pans or any old thing to make a noise and keep the coyottes within the ring. Chase hounds to be kept up unless a wolf gets through the line when they may be sent out after the rascal in hopes of his capture. Guns and cur dogs as well be kept out of use. Heavy rifles had better be discarded unless they be in the hands of crack shots and then only to be used to shoot out of the ring. A shot gun would probably be the better to use even in this case. A signal from the top of the school house might help to direct where the line need to prepare for an outbreak of wolf. The sport of such a hunt would be worth while, the hunt could be renewed and carried on a week later by a vote of the crowd at the close of the hunt. Bills may appear in the next issue to be posted. Be ready to help in this great crusade.

Volunteer director
H. C. Ficht.

ARMADA

Mr. G. E. Money is visiting in Calgary for a month.

About twenty-five friends of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Craine took dinner with them Christmas. A tree was decorated and Santy Claus came along in the evening and distributed a large number of presents.

There isn't much doing on the skating rink at present till celebrating is over then it is hoped it will be rushed to completion.

Mr. A. P. Chase is reported on the sick list.

Mr. Cotton, our eight-up three-wagon skinner is hauling cogl from Bow City.

Mr. A. Whritner, Mr. Reis and Mr. Paul Snider are Calgary visitors for the holidays.

Billy Haight met with a most serious accident on Tuesday morning, when breaking wood he ran a nail into his leg.

I. H. C. Farm Tractors

and a full line of Deering and McCormick Implementments. - - Gasolene, Kerosene, Distilate, Cylinder Oils and Gear Greases.

"Bull Dog" Fanning Mills

Call and See Me Before
Buying.

Prices Right.

Smith & Moran
Center St. LOMOND.

G. J. Dawson's ford was brought into action bringing out the Lomond doctor to dress the wound.

The bellboy followed the newl-arrived colonel from Kentucky to his room with a pitcher of water.

"Water," announced the boy.
"Water," said the colonel. "What do I want water for? The room isn't on fire, is it?"

"For a spring chicken, this is pretty tough." "Well, sir, you know we've had a pretty tough spring."

Canadian Pacific New Year Holidays

FARE AND ONE-THIRD
for the round trip.

Tickets on Sale December 28th. to
January 1st.

Return Limit, January 4th.

For further information apply to any
C.P.R. Ticket Agent, or write -

R. DAWSON,
District Passenger Agent,
Calgary.